Mad Men

"My Kind of Place"

by

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Based on characters created by

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - SUNSET

A SLOW ZOOM on the skyline of New York City circa 1960.

Like a radio being tuned, advertisement broadcasts buzz in.

Lucky Strike - *"It's toasted"*

Glo-Coat - *"Get me outta here!"*

Heinz Beans - *"Some things never change"*

New buildings populate the skyline. Time is moving forward.

“I'd like to buy the world a Coke, and keep it company.”

The World Trade Center Twin Towers build up. The ZOOM focuses on the top of the North Tower.

Hamburger Helper

Star Wars toys

The Commodore PET computer

The ads are growing louder and more intense, multiple playing at once. The noise climaxes as a rigid figure standing at a World Trade Center window comes into view.

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - CONTINUOUS

November, 1979

DON DRAPER (53), older but as effortlessly cool and handsome as ever, observes the sunset from 107 stories up. He holds a Coca-Cola bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

An ethereal, echoing voice haunts him.

BETTY (V.O.)
Don… Don honey…

The voice morphs into another, returning Don to reality.

SEARS (O.S.)
Don Draper!

Don turns and sees SEARS (40), a man who looks like a cheap impersonation of Nixon, walking through the restaurant.

SEARS (CONT'D)
(laughing)
You carry one of those everywhere?

Don glances down at his Coke bottle and manages a smile.

DON
Makes it easier to know who I am.

SEARS
I know who you are.

Both men pause as Don uncomfortably awaits an answer.

SEARS (CONT'D)
You're the man who is going to win us the election! If Governor Reagan had you in ‘76, there wouldn't be a peanut farmer in the White House.

DON
Because an actor is so much better?

SEARS
Yes…
(beat)
What were you doing over here?

Don glances back out the window.

DON
I was thinking about the people who never got to stand this high up.

SEARS
Don, anyone can take an elevator. Few sit on Olympus. That’s what Reagan is offering.

DON
You come up with that one on your own?

SEARS
Just tell me if you're for Carter.

DON
I'm not for anyone. I don’t vote.

SEARS
Don, this is a vote. The future of America is decided by what is or isn't on the TV.

Don attempts to hide his interest.

SEARS (CONT'D)
Carter won't offer you this deal.

DON
Maybe Ted Kennedy will come around.

Sears laughs and puts an arm around Don, an act that makes him noticeably uncomfortable.

SEARS
I knew I'd like you! I bet you could make Chappaquiddick look like *Bedtime for Bonzo*.

DON
Bedtime for what?

SEARS
Come on, they told me you like movies! Say, lemme buy you a drink and introduce you to the boys.

Don looks back at the bar and sees a team of young venture capitalist types in oversized suits.

He downs his Coke as if it were whiskey.

DON
Nothing for me tonight, thanks.

Sears notices how Don looks at the bar — disgust and desire.

SEARS
Oh… how long?

DON
3 years, 3 months, 5 days.

SEARS
I always heard stories about what you Madison Avenue types got up to. Hell, part of me wished we could relive the good old days.

Sears observes Don and sees that his disgust and desire are no longer from the bar.

Don is considering the campaign.

SEARS (CONT'D)
I can get you on the phone with the governor tonight if you say yes right now.

DON
And I know I could get him on the phone tomorrow if I say maybe.
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
He hasn't even announced he's running yet and everyone assumes he's too old.

SEARS
Don… you sold the world with Coke. We need you to sell America, now.
(beat)
You know, I hated that commercial… But I can’t forget it.

Sears goes back to the bar.

Don returns his gaze to a darkened sky.

He looks down at the plaza and watches people move by like ants. An American flag waves gently over 100 stories below.

WAITER (O.S.)
Mr. Draper? Don Draper?

Don raises a hand and motions to the WAITER.

WAITER (CONT'D)
You have a telephone call from Megan Calvet.

Don's eyes widen in confusion.

He walks to the restaurant entrance and summons his courage before picking up a black wall phone.

DON
Umm… Uhh… Megan? It's been… years.

A weak voice coughs out on the other end.

ROGER (O.S.)
Wee wee, monsieur. Fromage de zou bisou.
(cough)

DON
(stunned)
Roger?

ROGER (O.S)
Don, how are you? Can you believe my French is worse now? Apologies for the joke. I didn't want you to think you could put off this call, and Marie said it was okay.

Roger lets out a long wheeze as he laughs.

DON
Roger, what's going on?

ROGER
Oh, I just wanted to give you a ring and let you know…
(weaker)
I'm dying, Don.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

ROGER STERLING (60s), dying but not enough that he can't manage a sly smile, rests weak and pale in a hospital bed.

His wife MARIE CALVET (60s) softly cries by his side.

ROGER
Doc said the heart attacks would kill me. I sure showed him. Cancer is a hell of a way to go.

Roger shakily lights a cigarette.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Though I suppose there is still time for another heart attack.

DON (O.S)
Jesus. Why didn't you tell me?

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - CONTINUOUS

ROGER (O.S.)
When was I gonna tell you? In the elevator on the way to work? I haven't seen you since Freddy Rumsen's funeral after he got killed by that shark.

DON
He had a heart attack watching *Jaws*.

ROGER (O.S.)
I like it better the way I tell it. Turns out the best way to a healthy heart is marrying a beautiful, French-speaking minx…
(beat)
Oh, sorry.

Don hears Marie laugh a little as she cries.

DON
Roger… I'm sorry.

ROGER (O.S.)
That I'm dying?

Don can hear how weak he is.

ROGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've called everyone else. You're the last one. Mona, Jane, Joanie, who still hates you by the way. Hell, I even called Ken Cosgrove and told him I was sorry I wouldn't get around to his new book.

DON
You wouldn't have read it anyway.

The two men laugh together. Don’s chuckle quickly falls into sadness as Roger's harsh cough cuts in.

DON (CONT'D)
Roger… is there anything I can do?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROGER
Yeah, remember Campbell? If he's at the funeral, I want you to put him inside the box instead of me.

MARIE
(wiping tears)
You're being cremated, dear.

ROGER
What? No one tells me anything.
(long beat)
Don, you're the last call because you heard me. You may have hated it, but you heard what I said.

DON (O.S.)
Okay…

ROGER
My daughter, Margaret… she felt more at home with some Charlie Manson wannabes than as a Sterling… or whatever her husband's name was.
(blows smoke)
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
A man wants to know things in death. I told myself that I didn't have a daughter anymore, but I know that's not true. I'd give anything to know where she is, and I don't have anything left to give.
(wet coughing)
What would you say if your daughter told you that she couldn't be your daughter anymore? Does she die in that moment or do you?

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Don takes a long pause before replying.

DON
Sometimes, dying is a choice… for both of you.

ROGER (O.S.)
(laughing)
You should put that on a Coke can.
(coughs and sighs)
I guess I just wanted to hear it one last time. I wanted to know if you really were that good.

DON
Roger…

ROGER (O.S.)
You know the funny part of all this?… Even if I knew where she was, if Margaret wanted to talk… you'd still be my last call.

Don is without words.

There is a long silence between the men as they expect the other to say the final words.

ROGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Don.

Roger hangs up, leaving Don tortured and alone on the end of an empty phone.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Don vomits into a toilet while "Wuthering Heights" by Kate Bush plays over the bathroom speakers.

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - MINUTES LATER

Sears plots with his team at the bar.

SEARS
If we don't have enough votes, I think we make a VP offer to Ford. Unity ticket, put ‘76 behind us.

Don slides into the seat beside him and motions to the bartender. He is once again the smooth scoundrel we knew.

DON
Old fashioned.
(points to the others)
All around.

SEARS
Don? Ah, boys! This is Don Draper. He probably made your favorite ads from when you were kids.

DON
And that's how Reagan can win.
(to the youngest man)
Do you believe your childhood was better than right now?

SEARS STAFFER
Gas was certainly less expensive.

DON
Life can be like that. All the good of the past in a new decade. Everything we loved and lost… is alive again.

Don downs his drink, eyes glistening. He motions for another.

SEARS
Don, I must say that I like you better off the soda.
(beat)
Hey, can you still show us what New York was like in the 60s?

Don smiles and raises another drink.

A beautiful woman across the bar locks eyes with him and smiles as well. Don's glass raises and distorts her, making the woman look like a Grace Kelly-esque 1960s housewife.

For a brief moment, the liquor brings Betty Draper back.

INT. DISCO - MIDNIGHT

“Angel Eyes” by ABBA plays.

Sweaty bodies dance under disco lights. A slow ZOOM-IN focuses on a young blonde woman in a silver dress. Large hoop earrings bounce with a necklace carrying her initials.

This is SALLY DRAPER (25) lost in the music. Her eyes are closed, she might as well be dancing alone.

A man in a glossy white blazer breaks this immersion by dancing over to kiss her.

WILL
(yelling)
Having fun, baby?

SALLY
(yelling)
I can’t hear anything you’re saying! Thanks for taking me here.

WILL (27), lanky and handsome with a face made for TV but hidden beneath a mountain of frizzy hair, smiles at her.

WILL
You’re so beautiful. You should be on TV. I know a guy.

Sally rolls her eyes and kisses him again. The two dance together, Sally closes her eyes again while Will watches her.

A burly dancer dressed like a Native American bumps into Sally. They both laugh and continue to dance. Sally sings the words, eliminating all other sounds from her surroundings.

For her, there is only music.

When she opens her eyes, she sees that a woman in a NEON pink dress has begun dancing against Will. He is shy but enthusiastic about the company.

NEON GIRL
You're that guy from the news!
You're so much taller off camera!

Sally stops dancing. Her disappointment is immediately clear.

WILL
Sally? What’s wrong? You’re the only one not dancing.

She sighs and stomps out of the disco.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Will and Sally walk, both far too cold in their disco outfits, down an East Village street.

WILL
You know, that place has been dead since they blew up those records. Disco is over, I'm calling it.

SALLY
It is over. You'll have to dance with girls somewhere else.

WILL
Sal! What about you and the Indian?

SALLY
Oh my God, Will. That man was a homosexual.

WILL
She was a fan! It was just a dance.

Sally stops in the street.

SALLY
Why are you making me not trust you? We've been together for a year, and I still don't trust you.

WILL
Jesus. A girl dances next to me, and it's like you walked in on your dad with the neighbor again.

Sally's face freezes, locked in a horrible memory.

WILL (CONT'D)
Let's go to bed. I'm beat.

He kisses her head as they enter their apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

SALLY
Oh my God…

The door to their unit is open. A dim light flickers inside.

WILL
Stay behind me. There’s a gun in the safe in the hallway closet.

SALLY
What! Why do you have a gun?

WILL
Because this city is becoming a shithole, Sally!

A clattering noise jolts them and confirms something is inside. Sally removes a can of pepper spray from her purse.

SALLY
I've got stuff in there I can't replace, stuff from my mom.

WILL
Sally, wait!

INT. SALLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally marches in with her spray can ready and turns on the room light. Cheese wrappers and vomit stain the orange shag carpeting. She sees that the fridge door is open.

SALLY
I’m giving you one chance to leave!

Sally observes her apartment.

Framed photos show her producing at a news station and on vacation with Will. Older photos of her brothers, father, and mother Betty decorate the home.

Will sheepishly enters behind her and opens a closet.

Snores and giggles suddenly come from the bedroom

SALLY (CONT'D)
You've got to be kidding me.

INT. SALLY’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally flicks on the light revealing her father Don, drunk and covered in his own vomit, asleep on the bed.

The WOMAN FROM THE BAR drunkenly laughs beside him as she pats his back.

WOMAN FROM THE BAR
(laughing)
I'm starting to think this isn't your apartment, handsome.

Sally slowly lowers the pepper spray.

SALLY
Daddy?

Will rushes in with a wild energy, pointing his pistol.

WILL
You broke in the wrong place motha-

Sally screams and raises her pepper spray, blasting Will in the eyes. He yells in pain and drops his gun.

WILL (CONT'D)
MY EYESSS! SALLY, IT WAS ME!

SALLY
It’s my father! My father has a key, he’s drunk.

The woman from the bar screams while continuing to laugh. She stumbles out of the apartment.

WILL
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

SALLY
What?

WILL
You’re 25 years old! Your dad is crashing drunk in your apartment! I can't take this anymore. I can't have you looking at me and seeing him. It’s either ME or your father, I can't DO this!

Will rushes to the bathroom and throws water into his eyes, leaving Sally alone with her snoring father. An oil portrait of her mother that feels oppressive in size looms over them.

SALLY
(looking at her mother)
Why did you ever get married?

The eyes of the painting stay fixed on her family and…

FADE INTO DARKNESS:

INT. SALLY’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Don wakes up on his side, a pink towel beneath his head. He looks up in confusion at the portrait of Betty.

DON
Birdie?

A Led Zeppelin record plays in the other room.

INT. SALLY’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don grabs his head as he steps out into the living room.

Sally sits pensively on her sofa, steaming coffee mugs and a plate of pancakes wait on the table in front of her.

SALLY
Remember when I was a kid and I made you pancakes with rum instead of syrup because I didn’t know the difference?

DON
I do. They were actually very good.

SALLY
I know the difference now.

Don sighs and sits next to his daughter.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I still remember how you acted at her funeral. I'll be having a normal day. Then it just hits me out of nowhere, and I'm… ruined remembering that you are my father.

DON
That was eight years ago.

SALLY
Last night didn't seem different.
(beat)
You got sober and I saw you less. Now here you are again.

DON
I assumed you didn’t want to see me.
(Don looks around)
Where’s, uh, Walt? The reporter?

SALLY
Will. We broke up. Last night.

DON
Oh… I’m sorry.

SALLY
You always are.
(beat)
Mom never saw this. You'd do something like this, but you always woke up somewhere else. I had to see it, I still have to.

DON
Last night, I met with some men who work for Governor Reagan and…

Sally can't help but laugh.

SALLY
This just gets better. Selling soda isn't enough, now Don Draper picks the president. What's the world going to think if we elect an actor to lead the country?

DON
Who cares, they already don't think much of us to begin with.
(serious)
Do you remember Roger Sterling?

Sally realizes how somber her father has become. She nods.

DON (CONT'D)
He, uhh, called me last night.

SALLY
Bad news?

Don nods slowly.

DON
I don't remember anything after he called… I just… woke up here.
(beat)
Roger said something about how a man dies when their child stops being their child.
(beat)
Got me thinking about you, I guess.

SALLY
That doesn't make this okay.

DON
No. No, it doesn't.
(beat)
Can I use your phone?

SALLY
Of course, Daddy.

Don smiles and grabs his head in pain again. He takes out a pocket address book and walks over to the phone.

Sally eats her pancakes as Don places a call.

DON
Hello, Marie… I'm sorry to call, it's Don Draper. I just…
(long beat)
Yes… You'll let me know… I'm sorry.
(beat)
I know… I say that a lot… okay…

Don sighs and lowers the phone.

Sally holds a mouthful of pancakes as she looks at him.

SALLY
I'm sorry.
(beat)
What are you going to do?

Don thinks for another moment and flips through his address book. He dials another number.

DON
Hello, Mona? It's Don Draper… Yes, I heard. I'm so sorry.
(beat)
I was wondering if you still had the address to where your daughter went to live… after she, you know…

Sally chews slowly as she observes her father.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY

Don, now in fresh day clothes, sits with Sally on a bench outside the United Nations building.

He holds another Coke in his hand.

DON
Day one…

They both observe the shimmering United Nations building.

SALLY
I thought about working there… but politics is where you go to die.

DON
And news is where you dig the dead up. When'd you decide that anyway?

SALLY
Do you ever have anything good to say?
(beat)
You're not really going to help elect Reagan, are you?

DON
Why shouldn't I? Do you hate him?

SALLY
I don't know anything about him yet… but I don't want to learn about him from you.
(beat)
I don't like being sold things, I want to believe in them. We have to be sold everything now.

DON
You're going to hate this, but that's how it's always been.

Don takes out a cigarette pack and offers his daughter one. She stares at his hand before slowly taking a cigarette.

SALLY
I never knew when it was okay to grow up around you and Mom.

DON
You did a great job. I know you didn’t always have our help.
(beat)
I’m going to do better, Sally. Better about all of this.

SALLY
Are you already going to leave? You say stuff like that before leaving.

DON
Roger’s daughter ran away. I’m going to see if I can find her.
(beat)
If I do something good, maybe that’ll make everything okay.

SALLY
It won’t, but you should anyway.

Don lights Sally's cigarette and then his own.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Let me help you. I have to be out of the apartment anyway while Will moves.

Don stands up and tosses his Coke bottle into a garbage can.

DON
I don't think that's a good idea, Sally.
(blows smoke)
How different do you think things would be if your mother were here?

SALLY
I don’t know… I just know that even if she were here, I wouldn't leave you alone right now.

Don and Sally blow smoke in unison.

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

A red 1978 Chevrolet Camaro rockets down the highway.

"Cars" by Gary Numan plays.

INT. CAMARO - AFTERNOON

Don drives while Sally looks over a map.

SALLY
We missed a turn.

DON
I’ll do the next one. Country roads are more connected than you think.

They pass by a McDonald's.

DON (CONT'D)
And not as country anymore.

SALLY
Did you ever do anything for them?

DON
McDonald's? No. Mascots were never for me. Clowns selling burgers and tigers selling cereal?
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
We called Leo Burnett the critter factory because all their ads were animals.

SALLY
I liked Toucan Sam… I hate to think that someone like you invented him.

Don grimaces.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You know what I mean. Something I loved was probably dreamed up over cocktails at a strip club. It makes me see him differently.

DON
Sally, he’s a cartoon toucan.

SALLY
I never told Will about your job. I told him everything else… Every bad thing from my childhood. How I liked you more than Mom during the divorce, but started hating you.

Don abruptly pulls over and parks the car.

DON
I’ve still got a headache, and you’re not making it better. This is exactly why I didn't want you to come.

SALLY
Okay? I’ve had a headache my entire life. People just tell me to stop feeling it. Like it is so easy. You tell me to stop, but you’re the reason I can't!

Don desperately reaches into the backseat for another Coke and pops it open, again swigging it back as if it were booze.

SALLY (CONT'D)
My boyfriend hated you because of everything I told him… and then one day we were in a commercial break and he started singing.
(sings)
"I’d like to buy the world a Coke."
(beat)
I asked him why he did that.
(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)
He said it was his favorite commercial. He never knew that the man he hated made his favorite ad.

DON
Do you still want a life with him?

SALLY
No… No.
(beat)
I just want life to be different.

DON
Different from me and your mother?

Sally says nothing.

Don starts up the car and begins to drive again.

SALLY
I still hear her sometimes. When I slouch, if I sleep in, anytime I wear a dress she'd think is ugly.

DON
Yeah… I hear her too.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A large, wooden crucifix looms over a dilapidated farmhouse.

Low, hymnal singing echoes out from inside.

A WORSHIPPER (30s) sits on the porch, a shotgun in his lap.

Don and Sally pull up and park the Camaro.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

DON
Let me do the talking. We don't know what these people are like.

SALLY
I produced a story on Jonestown. Can't be worse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Don and Sally exit the vehicle.

DON
Good afternoon.

WORSHIPPER
Praise be. You come to worship with the Ascended Angels, brother?

Don glances up with disdain at the cross.

DON
Maybe later.

The worshipper grips his gun.

WORSHIPPER
State your business.

DON
I'm looking for a woman in her 30s. Margaret, uh, maiden name was Sterling. She came here in 1969.

WORSHIPPER
We got started out here in the late 60s. No money, no class, just total equality… but things got tough, and we found salvation. Praise Jesus.

DON
Okay…
(beat)
Is Margaret still with you?

WORSHIPPER
Sister Margaret left to spread the Word in Chicago six years ago.

DON
(sighing)
Did you stay in contact?

WORSHIPPER
We stay in contact with the Lord. He connects us just as He connects you two.

DON
Well, I would ask him if I could.

SALLY
(whispered)
Dad…

They turn to leave and the worshipper stands up abruptly.

WORSHIPPER
(oddly calm)
I can see fires on the skin of those damned to Hell and light from the eyes of those who will enter Heaven. There is so little light in the world and so much on fire.

Don sees how the man glares at him and notices that his gaze changes when he views Sally.

WORSHIPPER (CONT'D)
Sister… do you want to step inside? It’s a building with no past, that’s why people come here.

Sally looks at an upstairs window and sees a child looking down at her.

The child is malnourished and looks terrified.

Sally looks back at the man, light emanating from her eyes.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Sally and Don drive back in a deep silence.

SALLY
We should do something.

DON
And give them a reason to drink the Kool-Aid? I grew up around people like that.

SALLY
And don’t you wish someone had helped?

Don says nothing at this.

SALLY (CONT'D)
So she’s gone? Roger's daughter?

DON
We can only hope she went to Chicago to get away.
(beat)
People believe anything when they're desperate.

Sally thinks on this for a moment. A road sign for a Howard Johnson's invites them to take a rest on their trip.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - NIGHT

Don pensively stares at two glasses of orange sherbet while Sally talks on the phone behind him.

SALLY
No… no, I'm fine, I don't… Will, I know this is tough. We've been putting it off for a while, and we thought moving in would help, but…

Don slowly scoops some sherbet and takes a bite. He makes a surprised, sour face.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Listen, I need a favor… Because I need a favor, that's why!
(beat)
You have contacts from when you worked in Chicago. I'm trying to find someone, first name Margaret. Maiden name was Sterling. Left for Chicago six years ago with a group called the Ascended Angels…
(beat)
What are you gonna get for helping? Jesus, you can take the sofa when you move out. Just please get that gun out of my apartment.
(Beat)
I'll call tomorrow. Tell work I'm sick, everyone knows we're dating anyway… we were dating… Bye.

Sally walks exhausted over to the booth and sits down.

SALLY (CONT'D)
He's going to look into it.

She takes a bite of her sherbet and spits it out.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Ooh, God. That's horrible. No wonder these might start closing.

DON
(grimacing)
It really used to be better.
(beat)
She may not be there, you know. Chicago could be nothing.

Sally sips her black coffee, finding it just as unappealing.

SALLY
You asked when I decided to work in news. I think it started with that burning monk in Vietnam. Grandpa Gene had just died, and I was alone in the living room. The monk was on our TV, looking so peaceful as he burned alive. I didn't want to witness that, I wanted to tell it. Things happen and are forgotten, I want everyone to remember.

DON
Who says the TV can't raise kids?

SALLY
Have you read any of Bobby's screenplays? Do you know how he's doing in school?

DON
It's film school, it can't be hard.
(they laugh)
His *Star Wars* knockoff wasn't bad, but it wasn't *Star Wars*.

SALLY
He told me his professors always say to write what you know. They wanted him to write about us.

DON
And he didn't?

SALLY
Bobby told me he doesn't think it's interesting enough to be a movie.

Don returns to eating his sherbet, again making a sour face.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - NIGHT

A 1960s TV plays footage of John F. Kennedy traveling through Dallas, Texas.

WALTER CRONKITE (V.O.)
President Kennedy left Dallas today after a smooth trip through the Lone Star State.

BETTY (O.S.)
Don… Don, honey.

Through a POV shot, Don turns to face his first wife, BETTY. She looks the same as she did in 1963.

BETTY (CONT'D)
This is the day I decided to divorce you, Don… but now it’s not.

DON
Betts…

BETTY
Even though everything would have had to be different, it still felt like it wasn’t supposed to happen.

The POV looks over and sees adult Sally dressed as a child and playing with dolls.

She sets one of them, a man in a suit, on fire.

DON
It was my fault. I’m sorry.

BETTY
When you apologize to the dead, what does that do for the living?

She leans in and kisses his cheek.

Don looks at the TV screen and sees the frozen image of President Kennedy's face looking directly at him.

INT. CAMARO - MORNING

Don bolts awake and looks over to see Sally driving. He takes out a pack of cigarettes.

DON
Where are we?

SALLY
Pennsylvania. We can get to Chicago tonight if we don't waste any time.

DON
What is there to waste time doing?
(observing farm houses)
There are more cows than people.

SALLY
You grew up in Pennsylvania.

Don says nothing.

SALLY (CONT'D)
They tore down your house, the one you took us to. It's apartments.

DON
Sally, why would you go back there?

Sally shrugs.

SALLY
I wanted to know more about you. I didn't feel like I could ask.
(beat)
I've never wanted to go back to Ossining and see people in the house we had with mom… people happier than we were.

DON
How do you know they're happier?

Sally makes a face at her father.

DON (CONT'D)
Don't think too much about the past, Sally. We all move forward.

SALLY
Mom had already had me by 25, and yet she still feels so much older.

DON
That just makes me feel ancient.
(beat)
You realize things when you get behind the wheel of a car. I guess that's why I did it so much.

SALLY
(slyly smiling)
You did it because you were avoiding your family.

Sally turns on the radio.

They drive on as Supertramp's "Take the Long Way Home" plays.

MONTAGE:

INT. MORGUE - MORNING

Roger Sterling's body rests naked on a steel table.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The Camaro passes by a fender bender. Don watches confused as a woman cries hysterically over her dented bumper with a worn "President Ford 76" bumper sticker.

INT. FURNACE - MORNING

Roger is placed inside a cremation furnace. The fires ignite.

INT. CAMARO - AFTERNOON

Don eats disgusting-looking beef jerky, which Sally refuses.

INT. PRINT SHOP - AFTERNOON

A large poster of Roger Sterling with the dates of his birth and death is printed in a machine and is taken to be framed.

INT. REST AREA - AFTERNOON

Don chucks a Coke bottle into the trash and unzips his pants as he hurriedly rushes into a rest stop bathroom.

He opens a stall and finds two truckers making out inside.

The two men are startled at first but smile after seeing him.

Don politely smiles, zips up his pants, and walks away.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - AFTERNOON

Marie sits silently beside Roger's urn. She downs a shot of vodka and then pours one for him, smiling sadly as she clinks the glass against the urn.

INT. CAMARO - AFTERNOON

Sally sleepily observes a woman smiling on a "Could Ohio be your home?" billboard. As she begins to nod off, the image of the woman becomes that of her mother.

Sally jolts awake.

EXT. OHIO GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Sally excitedly talks inside a phone booth.

SALLY
Bunbury, Illinois! Okay, got it.
(writing on her hand)
1800 Horner St.
(beat)
Oh, thank you. You're the best!
No, I don't want to get back
together… Yes, I'm sure… no…
(beat)
Alright, bye.

Don pumps gas as he watches Sally enthusiastically run out.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Will made some calls and, well, we
got an address! Margaret Sterling,
1800 Horner St.

DON
That's great. Where in Chicago?

SALLY
Oh, apparently she moved to farm
country after getting here.
(looking at her hand)
Bunbury, Illinois. Do you know
where that is on the map?

Don's face drops. He looks immediately sickened.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Daddy? Is something wrong?

DON
No, I just… I need a drink.

SALLY
DAD!

Don robotically walks inside the gas station as Sally yells after him.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Don struggles, sweating heavily as he nears the beer aisle.

Sally makes a mad dash behind him.

SALLY
What did I say! What did I say?

Confused patrons watch Don almost collapse against the glass.

DON
I won’t go back.

SALLY
Back where? I can’t go back home with you! You’re killing me! Each time this happens, it’s like you smash a lightbulb and I can’t see anymore. Where are we going?

Don opens the fridge door and takes a bottle, looking at the liquid glow in the store’s fluorescent light.

DON
I don't know.
(beat)
Some daughters are better without their fathers.

Pain in her eyes, Sally bolts out of the store.

EXT. OHIO ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sally runs down the road, struggling to see through tears.

INT. OHIO BAR - SOON AFTER

Sally wipes her eyes as she enters a backwater bar.

The few patrons inside give immediate glares.

Pool games stop.

Darts miss the board.

Men with morals lower than what even Sally has seen look hungry at her.

She does not belong in a place like this.

Sally walks quickly to the bar and takes a seat far away from the nearest patron, a snoring old man.

SALLY
Bartender?

Looking around, she sees no one.

"Streets of Fire" by Bruce Springsteen plays on the radio.

COOP (O.S.)
Smoke break.

Sally peers across the bar and sees COOP (22), a young biker in a torn flannel shirt and American bandana.

He smiles at her.

SALLY
How long do those usually last?

COOP
15 minutes to 5 hours.

Sally jumps over the bar and grabs the rye, making herself an old fashioned. She's a natural at preparing the drink.

She downs her cocktail and grimaces, immediately at ease.

SALLY
You want one? I'll pay, I'm just not in the habit of waiting.

COOP
Neither am I. You looked lost walking in here, but I see you know your way behind a bar like you've been working it for 20 years.

SALLY
This is my kind of place.
(realizing her manners)
I'm Sally Draper.

She holds out her hand. Coop takes it, engulfing her fingers in a firm grip.

COOP
Call me Coop. What's your story, Sally Draper?

SALLY
My story is that I want to get drunk. If you're not going to help, then you can leave me alone.

COOP
Why is that, Sally Draper?

SALLY
Because getting drunk means I can stop existing… at least for now.

COOP
Shame for the most beautiful girl I've ever seen walk through that door to stop existing.

Sally observes Coop’s face. He’s rough around the edges but comforting to talk to. A walking whiskey bottle with eyes, lips, and yet still not old enough for a 5 o'clock shadow.

She glances down at the wedding ring on Coop’s left hand.

SALLY
Your wife never walk through?

She downs another drink.

COOP
Sally Draper, you came in here to make the world go away for a night, but you are mistaken. The world keeps going, the thing is that you can find a new one.

He holds up the bottom of his dirty glass, creating a warped perception of her through it.

COOP (CONT'D)
There’s a whole world inside here. Nothing else outside it matters.

Sally looks at her own glass.

She closes her eyes and takes another drink.

SALLY
That’s not true.
(beat)
How old are you?

COOP
22. I like older women.

SALLY
Jesus.
(laughs)
I can't imagine being married at 22.

COOP
My folks were.

SALLY
Yeah… I guess Mom was too…
(beat)
I wish there were some place besides all of this I could go to. But there isn’t. It’s all the same place, no matter what year it is or how drunk we are.

COOP
I like you, Sally Draper.

SALLY
No. You don’t, kid.

COOP
Does it scare you? What you said about there being no other place?

SALLY
Not really. I know what to expect.

Coop’s hand reaches across the bar and grabs her necklace, running his thumb over the initials.

SALLY (CONT'D)
(firm)
Take your hands off that.

COOP
I think you don’t belong here, Sally Draper. I think you should be at home waiting for a man to come.

SALLY
I don’t like waiting.

Grabbing the back end with his other hand, Coop SNAPS the necklace chain and drops it into his breast pocket.

COOP
Cause you're waiting for something that already happened to undo itself. I don't think you like whoever gave this to you.

Sally raises her glass but stops before drinking. The tip hovers over her lips.

SALLY
I had a friend who went to Vietnam, and I hated him for it. Protesters threw trash, he gave up his medals, he couldn’t sleep…
(beat)
But he never cried… He never cried until he asked how my mom was. I told him she had died.
(beat)
He touched my hair and he told me it was like hers… I still don’t know why he said that.
(beat)
(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)
I don’t think we ever stop living in the past.

COOP
Your mother must have been just as pretty as you. How many years you think you have left of her beauty?

SALLY
What?

COOP
You gonna waste it on yesterday?

Sally turns furious and tosses her drink into his face. He grabs his eyes in burning agony and crashes to the floor, shattering his glass and cutting his hands on the shards.

Sally grabs a vodka bottle and holds it like a weapon as she dashes for the restroom and locks the door.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are several loud slams as multiple men try to enter. Mummers of “GET HER OUT OF THERE” and “WHAT’D SHE DO TO THE KID” as he wails in pain unbecoming of a "badass biker."

Sally cries on the disgusting floor as she opens her bottle and attempts to drink. She gags and spits out the liquid.

SALLY
(crying and coughing)
Jesus.

She wearily rises to the mirror and looks at the reflection.

Surprise turns to slow acceptance.

Betty, still the picture of a perfect 1960s American housewife, stares back at her through the mirror.

BETTY
Sally Draper, is that any way to behave?

Sally mimics each movement of Betty's with a slight delay.

SALLY
It’s how Dad behaved.

BETTY
(eerily silent)
I knew you’d be nothing like me.

SALLY
Is that a bad thing?

BETTY
It isn’t a good thing.

The two women raise and light cigarettes together.

SALLY
I miss you, Mom. I miss you, but it’s like I’m the only one who remembers how it really was.

BETTY
And how was it?

SALLY
It was sad, and I wanted it to be over. I couldn’t wait to grow up. Now I can’t even do that.

BETTY
You stopped being a little girl a long time ago.

SALLY
I don’t think things ever stop.

BETTY
Sally.

Betty holds a comforting hand to her face. Sally mimics this.

BETTY (CONT'D)
It’s good that things don’t stop. That means they last, no matter where they started.
(beat)
You'll do fine.

Sally presses her face into her hand, longing for comfort.

SALLY
(tears welling up)
Don't go… not again.

BETTY
When you miss me, look in a mirror.

In the mirror, Betty is gone. Sally sees only herself.

She is wearing her mom’s 1960s housewife dress.

Sally passes out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Sally groggily wakes up in a hotel bed. She grabs her head.

SALLY
Where?…

She bolts up in fright and sees Don at the foot of her bed.

He has a plate of pancakes waiting for her.

DON
They’re, uhh, from McDonald's. I don’t have rum to put on them.

SALLY
You didn't leave.
(beat)
What happened?

DON
I found you in Ohio’s worst bar with your face in a toilet and the same gang who tried to skin Hunter S. Thompson beating down the door.

Don removes her necklace from his pocket.

DON (CONT'D)
A kid said some unkind words about you… and then about me…
(confused)
And then about your mother.
(beat)
We should get the hell out of Ohio.

SALLY
I’ve never done anything like that… and I never will again.

DON
I told myself that a lot.
(beat)
But you’re nothing like me.

SALLY
I am, I just hate to admit it.

Sally takes the necklace and returns it to her neck.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I saw Mom last night. Maybe it was the lack of sleep or the booze or… I don’t know.

DON
What did she say?

SALLY
The usual… I just remember the way she said my name.
(beat)
It was so demanding but also… loving. I don't know.
(beat)
Do you think that's bad? Seeing Mom? Like I'm living in the past?

DON
Your mother is not easy to forget.
(beat)
I hate that because it means she's gone, but I also need that because it also means she's still here.

SALLY
What are you going to do?

DON
Keep on seeing her until she decides to go away.

SALLY
No, about Illinois. Yesterday you--

DON
(interrupting)
I was born in Bunbury.

SALLY
(realizing)
Oh… Oh my God…

DON
Listen… I don't like seeing the past… but I can't help it.
(beat)
And going back there is more important than me.

Sally leans forward to hug her father and suddenly wretches over to vomit on the floor. Don pats her on the back.

ROAD MONTAGE

INT. CAMARO - MORNING

"Somebody Saved My Life Tonight" by Elton John plays.

They drive by welcome signs.

Storm clouds.

The distant lights of Chicago.

Sally and Don do not talk during this drive.

EXT. BUNBURY - LATE AFTERNOON

They drive through the remains of a town that thought it had hit bottom in the Depression but only sank further down.

An old man on a shack porch sits so still in his rocking chair that only his eyes move following the car as it passes.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

SALLY
Do we still have any family here?

DON
No… No, I don’t.

Don observes broken windows and holes in buildings.

SALLY
Was it always like this?

DON
Might as well have been.

With each turn, new eyes desperately follow the car.

SALLY
There was a time when I wanted to know everything about you and a time when I wanted to know nothing… Now I’m in between.

Don is clearly in deep thought as both observe street names.

DON
Remember how my friend Anna called me Dick.
(beat)
Everyone here called me Dick too…

Sally observes buildings disappear behind them.

SALLY
But they're gone now.

EXT. BUNBURY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Don cautiously knocks on the edge of a screen door.

DON
Excuse us. We're looking for a Margaret Sterling.

After some shuffling, a woman named JUNO (70s) steps out.

DON (CONT'D)
Hello, I'm… I'm Dick Whitman.

The old woman says nothing, looking him up and down. She has a kind but exhausted face.

DON (CONT'D)
I grew up here. I'm a, uhh, friend of Margaret's father.

Again, Juno says nothing. She observes Sally now.

DON (CONT'D)
Uhh… Margaret Sterling.

JUNO
(sighing)
You best come in.

INT. JUNO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Don and Sally enter the dilapidated home. Crucifixes on the wall are covered in dust.

SALLY
Was this a church?

JUNO
Never got to be. Margaret felt like God left her, so she went searching for Him some place else. Ended up here and found a place that God had forgotten long before her.

DON
Is she here?

JUNO
(long pause)
She's gone with Jesus, two years.

DON
Oh… Her, uhh, father just died.

Don’s eyes grow watery.

JUNO
She never talked about him. For us, Margaret didn't exist until 1973.

DON
What happened to her?

JUNO
You think this town couldn’t decay anymore. Then you stick a needle in it… She thought the drugs would give her more time to work. More time to be a mother.
(beat)
People die every day because they want more time than life allows.

From the other room, something plastic drops against the hard floor. A child sighs.

JUNO (CONT'D)
I’m Juno. She and my boy, they… well, they took after each other. Now it’s just me and the kid.
(beat)
What was her family like? Rich?

Sally leans over and peers into the other room. A 4-year-old girl with blond hair so light that it is almost white plays with dirty Legos.

Her wide eyes glance up at Sally. Both manage a smile.

DON
Her father was, umh, a friend… A good one, I guess. He was rich.
(beat)
But none of that matters now.

Don sees Sally has left the room and is with the child.

She gently helps the little girl stack Legos.

SALLY
Hi, my name is Sally Draper. What’s your name?

Violet is shy but excited by the company.

VIOLET
My name is… Violet Sterling. Do you want to… play? It's a horse.

Don observes how the young girl lights up as Sally plays with her.

JUNO
That’s Violet. I do the best I can for her, but only the best.
(beat)
I want her to have a past.
(beat)
But you can't be proud of this.

DON
You can be proud of getting out.

JUNO
Dick… no one gets out of here.

DON
I know…
(beat)
I’m going to make a call to Margaret’s mother in New York… I think she’d like to talk to you.

Juno smiles at Don.

JUNO
You are a real Christian. A good man.

DON
That’s not true.

JUNO
Why would a bad man come here? Guilt? I’ve seen guilt. You got good in you. So does your girl.
(beat)
It’s good to see that in a parent and their child.

She kisses Don on the cheek.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Welcome home.

Juno leaves Don stunned. He walks to a landline telephone on the wall. Before dialing the operator, he sees that Violet has already fallen asleep in Sally’s lap.

Sally holds the girl tenderly and looks to her father.

He smiles at her.

EXT. BUNBURY HOUSE - NIGHT

Juno walks out slowly with a cane beside Don.

Sally holds Violet's hand as she hops down the porch steps.

JUNO
It's terrible to not have a family.

DON
It can be…
(beat)
She has you.

JUNO
I can never be in the future where she belongs.
(beat)
You can take her there.

Don looks to the street and sighs.

DON
Well… we can't get there by car.

The Camaro is gone, only broken glass on the street.

VIOLET
Stolen.
(giggles)

SALLY
What are we going to do?

EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

Don, Sally, and Violet wait on a small dirt airfield on the edge of town as a private jet, fancier than anything Bunbury has ever seen, lands on the runway.

The plane parks and out steps PETE CAMPBELL, 40s, now bald as a cue ball but not letting it dampen his spirits.

PETE
Don Draper! I was telling the pilots stories about you all the way over here. They kept saying, "Those were the days."

DON
What's to tell?

Don and Pete shake hands. Pete looks at Violet.

PETE
Jesus, she looks just like Sterling.
(looking at Sally)
And my goodness. You look so like your mother. I suppose everyone looks like someone, though I would hope Tammy doesn't take after me.

Violet giggles and reaches out, patting Pete's bald head.

PETE (CONT'D)
(sighing)
Well, I see she has Sterling's sense of humor.

DON
And likes you just as much.

PETE
Little girl, would you like to see where we came from? The big city?

VIOLET
(she points at Don)
He came from here.

Sally looks to Don. His smile returns when he looks back.

EXT. FUNERAL- MORNING

A somber meeting.

Family, colleagues, and friends from throughout Roger Sterling's life watch his ashes be scattered to the wind on the edge of a lake.

His wife Marie laughs a little as she scatters them.

MARIE
He asked that we scatter these ashes over Times Square on New Year's Eve, but the city would not allow this. He then requested the wind at least be blowing toward the crowd if we scattered them here.

Everyone politely laughs.

Don, dressed in black and standing alone, observes the crowd.

There are WWII veterans, long-ago clients, coworkers such as Ken Cosgrove and Roger's secretaries, Caroline and Meredith.

Joan Holloway stands solemnly, holding the hand of her teenage son, Kevin. She glances over at Don and merely nods.

Roger's first wife, Mona, stands with her grandson, Ellery, who looks at his new half-sister with peculiar interest.

The young girl has new clothes and a clean hairstyle. She watches the ashes disappear and observes Roger's photo.

Marie stands with her daughter, Megan, Don's 2nd ex-wife. She refuses to acknowledge him.

As the crowd disperses, PEGGY OLSON (40) walks away from her husband Stan and approaches Don. They stand in silence for a moment.

PEGGY
It's odd because we work together… but when you go away even for a little bit and I see you again it's like you've been gone for years.
(beat)
I always wonder if you're going to come back the same person.

DON
(pressing his lips together)
What's the verdict?

PEGGY
You're always different… and you're always the same… and you always come back.

Don and Peggy hug each other.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
I can't believe he's gone.

DON
I know.
(beat)
I don't think he was scared, at the end. He didn't sound like it.

PEGGY
When did he call you?

DON
I was the… last call.

PEGGY
Jesus…

Peggy lights a cigarette.

DON
And it's selfish but it made me wonder who my last call would be…

PEGGY
You should call someone because of hopes, not regrets.

DON
I don't have a cocktail napkin you can write that down on.

They laugh together.

PEGGY
Do you think you can ever turn off that part of your brain? The part that is always selling something?

DON
No, but my last call won't be to sell a pitch.

PEGGY
(sighing)
Mine might.

They laugh again and watch as Mona leads Violet away.

The young girl runs to Sally and jumps into her arms.

DON
I wonder if I did the wrong thing by bringing her here.

PEGGY
Was she any happier there?

DON
She's just a kid… all I know is that I've changed her life.

PEGGY
Don, she doesn't know any of us.
(beat)
I look at that girl and think, "In the year 2000, she'll be the age I was working at Sterling Cooper."

DON
Think things will be better then?

PEGGY
Who knows… I guess all I can think is, what's so bad right now that we're asking that?
(beat)
What's this I hear about you and Reagan?

DON
Who?
(smiles)
I'm happy where I am… for once.

She hugs Don and walks away.

He approaches Sally and Violet, who are sitting on a bench.

Violet points to Roger's memorial stone and spells.

VIOLET
S-T-E-R
(struggling)

SALLY
L.

VIOLET
I-N-G! Sterling!
(giggling)
That's me, and that was Momma, and that was Grandpa.

DON
That's right, your name is Sterling. But…
(beat)
We all make our own names.

The girl smiles at him.

SALLY
It's okay, Daddy. She'll figure that out when she grows up.

VIOLET
I know what Mr. Whitman is saying.

She wiggles her fingers, reaching up to grab Sally's and Don's hands. She pulls them together.

Mona calls for Violet. The girl happily runs to her family.

Sally looks up at her father. He has tears in his eyes.

Father and daughter hold each other on the bench.

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - NIGHT

Sally sits alone inside the World Trade Center's restaurant, looking out at the same view he father had.

Her hurried DATE fixes his tie as he rushes to her table.

DATE
Sally Draper?

She reaches out and takes his hand.

DATE (CONT'D)
So sorry I'm late.

SALLY
No, I don't mind waiting.

Her date nervously laughs and sits down.

DATE
I'll be honest, I haven't been on a first date in a while. I'm glad our friends set this up, but I don't know where to begin.

Sally smiles.

SALLY
Don't think too much about it. We're just getting to know each other… at the top of the world.
(beat)
You can ask me anything, something to break the ice.

Her date thinks for a moment.

DATE
Tell me about your family.

"American Girl" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers plays while Sally laughs and looks back out at the city.

END